

Finally visible (my ending)

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Summary: This is a (possible) ending to the story Finally Visible by Panda54. Jack is completely depressed after Hiccup's death and refuses all attempts to cheer up by Hiccup's son. Who'd want to befriend another mortal after just having lost the love of his life!

Finally visible (my ending)

****Hello, dear reader (: this is the first story (ending) I've ever written. After reading "Finally Visible" by Panda54 (I can only recommend) I was totally depressedâ€¦ and so my fingers decided to type a continuation of sorts. By the way, this is a direct continuation of the original chapter 15****

****Please enjoy (: ****

****Chapter 16 â€" The Dragon Master****

Guardian, huh. My eyes locked on the boy who looked so much like Hiccup.

You really think I'm his guardian? I failed to protect him, I messed up his whole life, damn, I couldn't even stay by his side till the very end. I had him die alone because I couldn't overcome my freaking cowardice. I could just fucking curse myself for that. The fact that all I could do right now is pathetically cry and regret didn't fucking help either.

Felling uncomfortable as the boy looked at me I turned my head, pressing it against my knees to hide my face. My hands dug into my hair, forcefully pulling it as I keep on swearing at myself inside my head.

This whole timeâ€¦ Was it destined to end this way? Was that the plan all along? My hands pulled harder.

I didn't lift my head even when hearing the boy's footsteps as he walked towards me and sat down right next to me.

It was comforting in some way but self hatred and simple but piercing sadness won over. This whole situation was killing me.

Quietly I wondered if this was what Hiccup felt like when Toothless died. Did he have to go through this too? The thought alone hurt and so I just stopped thinking completely. Slowly sinking into despair and nothingness.

"I miss him too" the boy suddenly me said quietly but loud enough to cause me to lift my head against my will.

I could feel comfort again and this time it stayed a little longer. His eyes were the same green. I wanted to form a smile, but failed and just pressed my face against my knees again.

Time passed. I couldn't tell how much, maybe minutes, might as well have been days. No, couldn't be, the boy was still here. But it passed for sure, I knew so because I felt the pain return.

With no tears left to cry and a slight awkwardness towards the boy I just sat, not moving at all, not thinking at all.

The next time I lifted my face the sun was setting and the boy stood up, patting his legs with his hands to make the dirt come off. He was looking at me, then turned around and left after quietly saying "See you"

Not knowing anything better to do I forced my feet to move and had to support myself with the tree trunk next to me. Without thinking I just followed the boy with mechanical movements.

Maybe the reason I went after him was because my body was craving this slight feeling of comfort I got from him. It was slight but got closest to being "warm", the good kind of warm I usually only got from Hiccup. Or something like that â€|

As I walked after him, keeping a decent distance, the whole town was covered in deep snow and an icy wind made the inhabitants of this island stay inside their houses. This was without a doubt the coldest time Burk had ever faced. The only one crazy enough to walk around outside was the boy I was following.

The snow, actually colored red by the sinking sun, just seemed grey and lifeless to me. Maybe even black. No colors left at all.

I reached the house I was so familiar with it hurt. How many times have I entered through the window right above me? I quickly gave up trying to count all the times I remembered.

The boy just stood still in front of the door, his hand resting on the door knob. But I was too tired to think about why he didn't enter. And I didn't even want to start thinking about seeing Astrid if I should follow him inside. I didn't even know if she could still see me.

Aaaaaaaah. I felt so tired. Emotionally and physically.

Ever since I had become a guardian I hadn't slept at all. And right now it felt like all that missing sleep suddenly hit me hard.

"Why are you following me?" the boy suddenly asked and if I would've had any energy left I would have been surprised that he noticed. But like this it even took me a few seconds to understand the meaning behind his words.

"No reason" was the first answer I could think off and just replied with it. My voice all dry and raspy for not having used it in days.

As I walked closer I could feel him throwing this suspicious look at me. It almost looked a little cute. He was his son after all.

Without saying anything else he opened the door and walked in. I came in right after and even noticed that he had waited for me to follow before closing the door behind us.

"I'm home!" he called out, getting two "Welcome home!"s as replies. Then he quickly jumped up the stairs and entering the room I knew so well. In this whole house this was the room I spent the most time in. Hiccup's room.

Tears I didn't think I had filled my eyes and blurred my sight. I quickly wiped them away with one of my dirty sleeves. Again the boy closed the door after waiting for me to enter.

Immediately hit by the warm air caused by the fire in the chimney I walked towards the window, inhaling the winter air I had caused during those last three days lying in front of his grave. My body relaxed a little as I let the familiar surroundings sink in.

At the same time, the thought that he wasn't here anymore and that never again he would enter this room made my insides spasm and I felt like throwing up.

The boy watched me all the while, still suspiciously but with a hint of curiosity this time.

"So you really can't stand the heat" he whispered more to himself but I could hear.

I forced my head to turn his way and decided to swallow all the lethargy and concentrate on the boy. Our eyes met.

"So your dad told you about me" I managed to say, trying to stay calm and hide the pain I had just thinking of his face. And saying "your dad" left a suffocating feeling inside of me.

"Yeah, all the time" he replied with a calm face. Could that be the reason this boy could see me? Because he believed in me through Hiccup's stories?

Seeing this little boy, who looked like him but was not him, sit down on his bed, that was still the same as all those years ago, send a stabbing pain up my chest, painfully tightening my throat. I swallowed. Or at least tried to but the spit got stuck and I coughed in an awkward way.

Silence started to fill the room. The heavy atmosphere weighted hard on my body and worsened my tiredness. When was the last time I had craved for sleep so much? I don't think there was a last time.

The door opened and his sister stepped inside, shivering as the cold air hit her. "Close the window, it's freezing in here!" Without waiting for a reply she hurried over in my direction. I wanted to step aside but soon realized that wasn't necessary. She walked right through me.

"Leave it open, I need some fresh air" the boy protested, giving a short look in my direction.

"You're shivering!"

"Just leave it!" his voice was forceful but still rather quiet.

The girl puffed her cheeks and looked angrily at him but left the window as it was. Her face softened soon after, showing that she couldn't stay mad for long at her big brother. Her tone was caring as she came back to the reason she had come to his room in the first place. "Mom said you should take your bath while the water is still hot. Or you're gonna catch a cold."

He smiled. "I'm fine. I'll take a bath tomorrow, I'm too tired today." The girl looked worried and kept staring at him. Even she noticed that he didn't look tired at all. "I'm really fine." He assured her again with a soft voice and a somewhat forced smile. To me it was obvious that he was trying to get her out of his room so that he could continue talking to me.

Now that I took a closer look at her I realized she didn't resemble Hiccup at all. Well, the freckles maybe, but everything else about her was like a splitting image of the young Astrid. The freckles were cute but everything elseâ€¦

She unwillingly left, but not before turning around once more to throw some of the extra wood piling up next to the chimney into the fire. A wave of heat hit my body, sucking on my last energy sources.

Then she finally left.

Silence again. I decided to break it. "She can't see me" my words sounded more like a statement than a question.

"Yeah" he said, his eyes locked on me as I waited for the winter air to overpower the heat. "I was the only one dad told about you. It was kinda like some silly father-son secret." The word silly stung, but the feeling faded as I saw the sadness in his eyes. "Not even with mom did he speak about you"

Yeah, understandable somehow. Astrid probably hated Hiccup talking about me as much as I hated him talking about her. Maybe even moreâ€¦

"I know that you were very important to him and that heâ€¦." He stopped, blushing slightly, "â€¦loved you and all." What the hell has Hiccup been telling this kid? It's the truth, but still, to his own

sonâ€¦ On the other hand it was lighting a little spark inside me to hear him say that. He loved me even after having kids with Astrid. I couldn't help but feel disgusted by that fact (that he had kids with Astrid) but I had accepted it long ago.

"What other things has your dad told you?" I really wanted to know as a picture of the grown up Hiccup sitting here with his son telling him about old times appeared inside my head.

The boy grinned the same clumsy grin he always had and started talking. "How you two first met under that tree and how you covered him in snowâ€¦"- I couldn't suppress a silent smile when I heard him say that â€œ"â€¦ and when you flew with Toothlessâ€¦"

While he enthusiastically told me in all details my thoughts wandered somewhere. His eyes reflecting the moon were the sole center of attention. The moon that I hated so much reflecting in the eyes I loved so much. Emerald eyes, almost as beautiful as his father's.

My eyes started crying again when I heard the stories I had tried to ban from my mind in order not to feel this stabbing pain again. Every single word echoed inside my ears. But I wanted to listen. This bittersweet feeling creeping up my chest was definitely better than nothingness.

I spend hours listening to him and even telling him some parts myself. It was distracting and comforting to drown in old memories and suppressing the fact that the person I had lived them with wasn't here anymore. Bittersweet indeed.

After falling asleep I left his room through the window and let the wind carry me back to the grave. I started crying again as reality hit me hard and threw me to the ground. But unlike those past three days today I fell asleep at some point, lying in a way I wouldn't have to look at the fucking moon.

x-x

Of course the boy found me again. It was just early sunrise when I heard the familiar sound of wings flapping. Today he came with his dragon. I recognized her immediately. It was the baby nightfury Hiccup had picked up years ago. Now she was grown and muscular, but her personality was childish and she liked to cuddle, that much I had gotten to know her.

She seemed to remember me too as she licked my face as a greeting. A forced smile made its way to my mouth.

"Hello Paca" I greeted back, accidentally smearing her saliva all over my face as I tried to get it off my cheek. The boy snickered and again sat down next to me. Paca lovingly put her head on his lap and closed her eyes.

And so we were here again, same situation as yesterday. However, today felt different. Healing somehow, maybe. Having him here next to me felt healing. Even I think it's strange, but not uncomfortable.

Carefully stroking her head he was looking at the sky. Huge snow clouds hid the blue and sometimes spat out one or two snowflakes,

slowly sinking down on us. I wouldn't be able handle even one ray of sunlight right now. The lethargy had returned, determined to stay this time.

Time passed, not a single thought dared to pass through my head. I was just empty. I felt like I was gonna spend the rest of my fucking eternal life right here on this spot. Not even budging to the sun.

But the boy had planned something differently for me. He tugged at my sleeves signaling me to go with him with his chin. I ignored him. No way my feet would be able to move even an inch, leave alone standing and walking.

He tried one more time but then gave up. Or so it seemed. Because I had buried my head in my knees again I couldn't see the dragon standing up and grabbing my hood with its mouth.

"Wha-" My body unwillingly reacted in surprise.

"Staying here is not gonna bring him back" the boy harshly said. It hurt. Damn, I can't even start to explain how those words hurt. I knew it was true but they felt like a slap in my face nonetheless.

He climbed on top of her back and signaled her to fly. I didn't even bother resisting. Tired, my limbs just hung down, leaving my staff behind without even missing it. All feelings of security it used to emit to me vanished long ago.

I soon discovered our destination. A sharp breath made its way out of my mouth. A place filled with memories. For a second I wondered if the holes in the wall were still there, but I discarded it immediately.

What would change if they were? I asked in a whispering voice. Nothing. No matter what is going to happen not a fucking thing is going to change. Again my spit got stuck in my throat as I tried to swallow and coughed. My chest was going to rip apart. Well, maybe I could then rip out my own fucking immortal heart and crush it. Its purpose for beating was gone anyway.

When we landed at the entrance to the arena I swallowed again, successfully this time. My throat went completely dry soon after though.

As we walked in I saw that the holes really were still there. Hardly visible, but definitely there. I clenched my eyes together. Hurtssss€|

The kids and their dragons who trained here were all from a new generation, all faces I could only make out through the similarities to their parents.

"Why did you bring me here?" I asked, visibly bothered by the whole situation. My hands were shaking.

He whispered, tried not to look at me. "Lying in the dirt won't change a thing."

And this will? I thought, swallowed the urge to say it out loud though.

"So I thought we could be friends."

Friends. What a nice word he said and if I had heard it under different circumstances I would have probably smiled happily, maybe even blushed a little. But right now, thinking of befriending another mortal just made me sick to my stomach. At this moment his whole optimistic attitude did.

Maybe I would have thrown up on the spot if there were something to throw up. How many years has it been since I last ate something?

To distract myself I started looking around again. Slowly everything turned how it used to be. The people, dragons, even the spectators turned into people that used to come here long ago. Their age was the same as back then.

Completely losing myself in this memory I blinked and everything looked as it was again. I shook my head. Ridiculous. Time could not be turned back. Accept it, Jack fucking Frost, you lost everything and are damned to continue on. Forever.

Suddenly my head started spinning and I felt like I was gonna pass out any moment. At the same time I felt this urging feeling in my throat. Impossible. But I really did throw up where I stood. Pure blood dripped down the hand I had tried to cover my mouth with.

The boy fell in a panic and hurried over to me, Paca following close after him. He swallowed hard when he saw blood pooling on the ground. Hurryingly he commanded his dragon to block the others' view, but he was too late. Two kids stared this way, calling if everything was alright.

And that's when I passed out.

When I woke up I was lying by the grave again. Only the sickening feeling in my stomach proved to me that everything hadn't been just a dream.

It was dark and I was alone. The moon alone watched me. Trying to escape his gaze I turned the other way, facing the grave.

When I reached out to touch it the stone felt cold and lifeless. Of course. How else could a freaking gravestone feel?!

I fell asleep still resting my hand on it.

x-x

The days went on like this. Almost every day the boy would come to forcefully take me to places. I didn't even have enough energy to think of it as annoying. I just let it happen every single damn time. But nothing ever changed. I keep on refusing his friendship. Shitty mortals.

I didn't throw up again, but the feeling lingered in my stomach. The taste of blood inside my mouth mixed with grass and dirt, always there. So was the feeling of everlasting misery.

I couldn't even form hatred when I saw Astrid a few times. Her smiling face towards her children was real, a little forced maybe. For the first time I truly realized how strong that woman was. I felt a little pissed, but mostly frustrated and again miserable.

This is how I continued to dwell on this island.

No matter how many times he carried me off I always came back to the place where his grave was. When I didn't have the energy to fly I walked and when I couldn't walk I crawled. Because it was here I felt closest to him.

But nothing ever changed. Or so it seemed at this pointâ€¦

x-x

It was another sunrise welcomed by stormy clouds and icy wind. Countless snowflakes fell to the ground, joining those that already landed, forming mountains of snow. Berk's harvest this year would most likely be quite poor. And the one next year too. And the one the year after thatâ€¦

I spit out a piece of dirt I had gotten into my mouth. I felt filthy, covered in dirt and dust, my hair sticky and entangled, grass and earth coloring it anything but white. Who gave a fucking damn. Who gave a fucking damn about anything at all.

I wonder, was I still sane at this point?

As expected the sound of wings flapping soon hit my ears. The same old circle kept on repeating. Having long given up on trying to ignore him my eyes followed his movements as the gigantic reptile safely landed as always.

His movements, even his way of nonverbally communicating with his dragon was like Hiccup's. Their voice was now different though, it had been the same before his voice had cracked. Their character was too. The kid was not the least bit shy, he was straight forward and stubborn and didn't know defeat- just like his mother. But he also had a very shining attitude that made people (not me) want to be close to him.

The only thing I secretly looked forward to when he came were those freckles of his. Cute freckles. Bittersweet yet again.

When the dragon turned a little I noticed the saddle had changed. Unlike the solo saddle he always rode with this one offered place for two people.

The feeling within my stomach immediately turned worse. I had a fucking bad feeling about this.

"Good morning", the same greeting as always.

I, who hadn't used my voice in weeks, didn't even bother to try now. I silently rested my eyes on him. This familiar profile of his. He was 16 now, looking a little more grown up than when we had first met. Did Hiccup look like this also when he was 16?

"We're making a little trip today, gotta breathe in some fresh ocean air once in a while" he started to explain without me ever asking "And we'll use this"- his hand softly clapping the new saddle "to get there."

I stayed silent, having proven my premonition right. Paca's look of anticipation couldn't even reach me. I held my stomach with one hand, using the other to cover my mouth. I'd hate myself forever if I puked in front of his grave.

The boy lifted me up, completely ignoring my look of unwillingness. He placed me behind himself after climbing onto the dragon's back. With strings connecting him to the saddle it was impossible to fall off. He used them to secure me on both sides too by hooking them to my belt loops.

Then we took off. The wind was even icier with the speed we were going, but he seemed used to it. Heavy clouds drew together in the sky as the feeling in my stomach worsened.

The only times I had ever ridden a dragon were with Hiccup so many years ago. Back then I could only enjoy it because it was him sitting in front of me and the fact that I was able to hug him, hiding it by trying not to fall off.

I didn't even touch the boy. The strings tied me to the freaking saddle anyway, not like I could fall off even if I wanted to.

We went faster. The salty smell, that soon mixed with the air, showed that we were close. Reaching her maximum of speed Paca lowered her height to touch the cold water, that suddenly appeared beneath our feet. Deep blue and pieces of ice swimming along its current, the ocean I hadn't seen in a long time.

Positioning her wings differently we suddenly shot straight up into the clouds. A feeling of fear creeping its way up my throat started to evade my whole body. I hadn't liked it back then and I didn't now. I felt sick.

We went even higher, now completely surrounded by clouds, followed by messy loops and other stunts. Damn, I hated this. Memories making their way into my thoughts started to flood my head, making me unable to think of anything else.

I bit down hard on my bottom lip, tasting blood and the salty fluid from my tears. My insides spasmed while I sucked in fresh air through my nose. No matter what I did I couldn't clear my head. My stomach turned and I forced myself to swallow my puke back down.

Exactly what do these mortals enjoy about this?!

The boy screamed a cry of freedom and joy. I wondered if he even remembered me sitting behind him. Probably not.

Another loop, another attempt to throw up swallowed down. And for the first time in a very long time I felt fear. And that pissed me off.

How come my sadness for Hiccup could be easily pushed aside by fear like that?! An angry noise made its way out through my grinding

teeth. I didn't want this!

To me fear meant Pitch Black. And just now it won over my sadness for Hiccup. No fucking way in hell! No fucking way he would win a second time. No, no, no, no, NO!

However hard I tried it stayed. Fear. I hated it, even more now. No, Hiccup! Not a second time, please! My inner begging turned into whimpering noises escaping my lips. This can't be happening! Crying in frustration and anger I longed for the misery.

Anything but fear, please!

Frustration and helplessness mixed together into self hatred, that now stood even to fear. Both fucking ripping my chest open and flooding my whole being.

Inside my head I cursed that boy, I cursed myself, I cursed everything and wished for everything to just disappear, along with the shitty moon, that appeared in my head for some reason.

I suppressed the urge to hold onto him.

Even though Poca slowly lost in speed I didn't feel the least bit better. I was fucking scared and I hated myself for that. Tears being torn off my cheeks flew with the wind, eventually joined the ocean.

Suddenly a ripping noise found its way to my ears. I searched to find that one of my belt loops had ripped and left the security rope whipping around aimlessly in the air. Only one rope left.

My head was a mess, even more than my body. Thoughts blew like a hurricane through my brain, making me unable to form either words or pictures, leave alone speaking. With my sight still blurred I lost all sight over the situation.

Out of reflex my hand grabbed part of the saddle to hold on, now that my body was dragging on one side.

Everything was white and my senses left me. The wind disappeared, the taste, the smell. Everything turned white. It was like I had left my body and am now floating somewhere, where nothing existed. I was neither calm nor agitated, I was neither cold nor warm.

Is this what nothingness looked like? Was I still riding the dragon? Or have we landed already? Where is it that my body is now? Is it lying in front of the grave again? What-

The same ripping sound thrust me back to reality, the violent wind, the taste of blood everything was there again.

It took me a few seconds to grasp the situation; I was still sitting on the dragon, my stomach still send puke up my throat that I stubbornly swallowed back down.

Fallen into a panic my eyes searched for the cause of the ripping sound just now and found it at my remaining belt loop, already halfway ripped. The pressure on just one was too much, it kept on ripping.

I swallowed, failed, choked. My whole body tensed up. Everything seemed to happen in a flash.

I forced my hand, which gripped the saddle, to stretch out in order for my free hand to reach out to the rope.

Should the loop rip could I still hold it with my hand, I thought, desperately and unnecessarily clumsily trying to catch it.

However, the next turn to the left happened faster than I could catch it and it finally ripped completely, leaving me completely unsecured in the open air.

The following twist made me completely let go, my gripping hand slipping off the saddle and my whole body floating for a moment before it fell.

The boy and his dragon noticing my missing body weight looked back, seeing me fall.

Thrusting aside the wind with my back I fell towards the ocean, facing the sky. The clouds went further and further away.

For a second I thought of flying. Impossible. With my staff missing my powers were reduced to a minimum. I could still fly though, under different circumstances at least.

Fear and hatred made it impossible to collect the thoughts inside my head to form the wish to fly.

But besides, what would it change? I'm immortal, remember. Even if I clash with the water or one of the swimming ice blocks, no matter how badly wounded I would be, that fucking man in the moon would just revive me again and throw me into this world of despair.

So why should I even try to fly? What difference would it make? Either way, I'm gonna end up back in this shitty world.

The clouds were now dangerously far away, but I didn't need to prepare myself for the pain that would crush my body. I had felt pain for the last few month, so why start to prepare now?

No matter how I looked at it nothing I could do had a point to it. And so I kept on falling.

The boy and his dragon wouldn't be fast enough either. I saw their shocked faces from a distance as they tried to reach closer to me. Tears formed in the boy's eyes, I could tell even while falling.

Why cry? Is there any point to cry over an immortal bastard like me?

Is there any point-

Suddenly it thrust through my back, a pain by far not as bad as I expected it to be. With my eyes still clenched together I noticed there was no water. Did I hit the ice? No, impossible, ice felt different.

Did the boy reach me in time? No, that's impossible too, he was too far away.

But then what the fuck was going on?!

I didn't want to open my eyes, but at the same time I did. I won over the first and I forced my eyelids open.

The wind I felt now was softer, nipping on my skin. I looked down, still seeing the far away ocean, meaning I was still in the air.

A snorting breathing caught my attention and as I turned my head toward the thing that caused it, I froze over, stiff and hard.

No fucking way!

Tears blurred my sight, but I could still tell. Never could I forget that face.

My lips opened and I tried to form words, but failed, only not understandable letters coming out. "â€|tâ€|ss" I tried again, putting more force into it, "Toothless" and succeeded.

I had hit his neck with my back, still somehow fluctuating in the same position as he flew.

"Toothless!" I screamed again as I reached out to touch his face, assuring myself it wasn't a dream.

How the hell was this even possible?!

I pinched his rough skin, causing him to feel a sting and angrily opening his mouth while looking at me at the corner of his eye.

No teeth. The same eyes. The same skin. It really was him. But how-

"How unfair" a voice suddenly spoke "why is he the only one receiving a welcome?" the teasing tone drilling so familiarly inside my ears, almost causing my ear drums to burst.

No fucking way! My body froze over again, this time my heart along with it.

This had to be a dream! What else could this be?! Or was the damn moon fucking with me again?!

Butâ€| but it sounded so real. Too real. I was scared to turn my head to the direction the voice came from. I wanted to turn to him, but I couldn't. I fucking couldn't move.

Crying I concentrated all the energy I had left into my neck, forcing it to turn his way.

Please, please, please don't let this be a fucking dream! Let it be real! Please, damned moon! Don't let me suffer any more than this!

I turned slowly, my eyes impatiently searching for the owner of the voice. My head was going to burst from anticipation and disbelief at the same time.

How could this be real? No, no way! Maybeâ€¦ Hopefullyâ€¦

Never before in my life had I begged so hard for something to be real. And for the first freaking time in ages my prayer was heard, by someone, by something, who gives a damn.

My eyes found it, locked on it, loved it. Loved so wholeheartedly I hadn't in a long time.

The goofy, but at the same time sexy smile, the brunette hair obeying the movements of the wind, the freckles, my beloved freckles, that I always regretted not having counted them at least once.

"Hicc-â€¦upâ€¦" I stuttered, forcing my lips to move, my lungs to breathe, my heart to beat. I felt alive.

Butâ€¦ he wasâ€¦ how to say itâ€¦ young. Yeah, freaking young, about sixteen, give or take. The last time I had seen him his face was wrinkled and his hair grey.

How is this possible?

His smile brightened, proudly patting Toothless' neck and reaching out to me with one hand. I grabbed it, without the slightest of hesitation, without the slightest of doubt, and most importantly, without the slightest of fear.

It felt different than I remembered, but definitely Hiccup's. I was too happy to even cry.

Carefully he pulled me closer to the saddle, to himself. I did my best to keep my balance and pushed in his direction. When I finally sat in the saddle in front of him it felt like my head just fell out from a daze.

My whole being flooding with happiness my heart found its purpose for beating again, I found my everything. And it mischievously laughed at my back. So familiarly it hurt.

"Hiccup", I sobbed again, turning my head around, yearning for his green eyes to look into mine.

He smiled, happily and truly. Then grabbing my hair he softly pulled my face close and placed a slight, yet so tender kiss on my lips. Desire built up inside of me.

I reached behind with one of my hands, grabbing his neck and pushing his face next to mine. He grinned an evil grin, then kissed me again.

Finding my desires answered by his touch the thought of this being a dream vanished little by little.

I violently thrust my tongue into his mouth, tasting every corner of it and recognizing every single tooth I touched. Hiccup slowly slid his tongue along mine, causing me to shudder. It felt soâ€¦ fucking good I could never get enough, not in all eternity.

Hiccup slowly parted our lips, looking forward and directing Toothless where to land. I leaned my back against his chest, feeling the metal of the viking armor he wore.

His scent. Hungrily I inhaled it and happily filled my lungs with it. My fingers traced the saddle I had sat on before, it used to be the other way around though.

The giant reptile found footing on one of the nearby cliffs, safe enough for it not to collapse. I'm sure it was just me but the sun suddenly colored everything with the beautiful colors that used to be here long ago. So bright, so beautiful.

I could feel his lips planting a kiss on my hair, gently but lovingly. I couldn't help but take his hand and squeeze it to his loving gesture. I wanted to kiss him again, but explanations first.

My head was still a mess as I tried to figure out what the hell was going on. Why was Hiccup here?! And why did he feel likeâ€¦

I hopped off the saddle, feeling the cool snow under my feet. It felt like it used to. Just how much did this kid (Hiccup) turn my life upside down just by appearing before my eyes?!

I eyed him with curiosity. This appearance of his I didn't know somehow shook and fascinated me at the same time. He seemed older than when I had first met him but younger than when we reunited again after escaping Pitch. It must be something in the three years we were separated. Handsome yet cute.

When he jumped off his dragon's back as well I noticed he was a tiny bit smaller than me. He noticed too and grimaced in disappointment. "I liked being taller than you" he said, locking me on with those eyes of his. I smiled, restraining the urge to jump him and hug him tightly.

"Hiccup" I started "howâ€¦ how is thisâ€¦ I mean, you and toothâ€¦ you knowâ€¦ how-" He hushed me with a finger on my lips. His smile at that time was something I would never forget.

"Allow me to explain everything" his voice had already cracked, making him sound all manly and mature "to my son as well" His eyes wandered into the sky, locking on the boy who came closer at an extremely high speed.

I was embarrassed to admit I had completely forgotten about the boy being here as well. With wide eyes he landed next to us. But no doubt in my mind he knew who it is he saw before him. The similarities between them were way too obvious. I was surprised to find there were this many, the boy obviously had Astrid's features as well, though.

"Dad" he whispered quietly, climbing off his dragon without looking away for a moment, waiting for him to speak. Paca wasn't as patient though. She immediately jumped her first owner, causing him to fall over and having his face licked by her rough tongue. He laughed, trying to block her with his hands, but it was to no avail.

Toothless growled a little in jealousy but decided not to step in. After all, Hiccup's face showed pure happiness seeing her and his son again.

Finally having escaped her hug Hiccup stood up again, stroking her between the nostrils. It was silent for a few minutes as we waited for him to speak.

"So?" I impatiently asked after getting tired of waiting. Hiccup looked up to us, blushing a little as he seemed to have forgotten we were still here.

"Sorry, it certainly has been some time since I've been to this world" he smiled, letting go of Poca, then his face turned serious. Nervously biting my lips I waited yet again for him to find the right words. "I have been sent back to this world as a spirit"

Well, that explained why he had this ... feeling on him, the same feeling North and the Bunny had too. So, he seriously was a spirit now? Like me?!

"After I died"- he made a bitter face thinking back at it "the man in the moon sent my body to the world of the dead but sent me back here to fulfill my tasks"

"Wait, what?! Tasks?!" I rudely interrupted but didn't really care. What was he talking about?!

"it's simple, Jack"- I fell for him all over again when I heard him say my name "just like you bring winter, it is my responsibility to watch over all dragons in this world. That's my task" My jaw fell in disbelief and surprise at the same time. "In a sense I'm a guardian as well. I watch over all dragons with Toothless' help" he smiled again.

Wait, what?! "So, you're like ... eternal now?" I couldn't help but ask. The smile he gave me filled me with more relief than words ever could. Thank gods! Tears I quickly wiped away kept welling up in my eyes.

"The man in the moon has chosen me, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, to be the Dragon Master" he blushed calling himself by such a fancy name. I burst out in uncontrollable laughter. Hiccup the Dragon Master, it did have a nice ring to it, but right now it sounded just weird. My stomach hurt, in a good way. Even the boy, who seemed very serious and perplexed about all this joined in. Trying to hide his own smile Hiccup gave us a playfully hurt look.

"Sorry sorry" I apologized while taking deep breaths "Please, carry on"

"Yeah, sorry dad" the boy said, still slightly laughing, "I'm just really happy right now"

Hiccup grinned his goofy smile, obviously happy. "I still can't believe I'm here again with Toothless and Jack and my own son laughing at the ridiculous title the man in the moon gave me"

"Yeah, it's gonna take me some time to get used to it" I said, obviously happy as well.

All three of us smiled at the weirdness this whole situation brought with it. But I wouldn't want it any other way.

x-x

Days passed by quickly. Neither Astrid nor his daughter could see Hiccup and the boy kept quiet about him too. Hiccup, who could now directly speak to every dragon, immediately started his job. He explained to me that speaking with the dragons was like hearing their thoughts, in a language only him and they could understand. It was obvious he loved every minute he spent with them.

And of course, with Toothless as well. I never really did understand why the man in the moon had sent Toothless back as well. Probably as a partner for Hiccup or something.

But I was happy beyond belief every time I glanced at the two of them, enjoying their presence that was now more like my own. I could now touch Hiccup without making him feel uncomfortable with my cold hands, kiss him and hug him again. And with every touch I knew he still loved me and I tried to express with every touch that I loved him as well. But I think he could tell from just looking at me.

One night we were sitting by his grave. Hiccup grimaced when he saw it, probably feeling uncomfortable about it, but it was still the place where we had first met, so he didn't complain.

His back leaning against my chest as I stroked his hair and held his hand. Toothless had his head resting on his owner's lap, sleeping with a peaceful expression on his face. Hiccup circled his thumb on my hand, giving me a ticklish yet somehow passionate feeling.

Damn I was happy like never before.

My eyes wandered to the sky, directly looking at the full moon.

"I might not hate you after all" I told him inside my head, earnestly smiling at his brightness.

And I could have sworn I heard that bastard snicker at my words.

****Weeeeell, I hope you liked it (: I'm looking forward to reviews, advice, criticism, anything that helps improving my writing skills - this is my first story so please go a little easy on me (:**

****Thanks for reading (:****

End
file.